

Various Artists

"Stones"

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"Stones" Written by David Watson & Kathleen Jones.
From Ultima V
"Book of Lore". Ultima: Copyright (c) Origin Systems,
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Long ago ran the sun on a folk who had a dream
And the heart and the will and the power:
They moved earth; they carved stone; moulded hill and
channeled stream
That we might stand on the wide plains of Wiltshire.

Now men asked who they were, how they built and
wonder why
That they wrought standing stones of such size.
What was done 'neath our shade? What was pray'ed
'neath our skies
As we stood on the wyrd plains of Wiltshire.

Oh what secrets we could tell if you'd listen and be still.
Rid the stink and the noise from our skirts.
But you haven't got the clue and perhaps you never
will.
Mute we stand on the cold plains of Wiltshire.

Still we loom in the mists as the ages roll away
And we say of our folk, "they are here!"
That they built us and they died and you'll not be
knowing why
Save we stand on the bare plains of Wiltshire

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